1500/253.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

The MUSICK Compos'd by Mr. *HANDEL.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS: And Sold by B. DOD at the *Bible* and *Key* in *Ave-Mary-Lane* near *Stationers-Hall*; and the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1763.

[Price One Shilling.]

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MESSIAH, Set to MUSICK by Mr. HANDEL.
BELSHAZZAR, Set to MUSICK by Mr. HANDEL.
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Mr. HANDEL's ORATORIO.

To His Royal Highness

PRINCE WILLIAM,

Duke of Cumberland,

THIS FAINT PORTRAITURE

OF A

Truly Wise, Valiant, and Virtuous Commander,

As to the Possessor of the like Noble Qualities,

IS,

With most profound Respect and Veneration,

INSCRIBED,

By His Royal Highness's

most obedient, and

most devoted Servant,

The Author.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

SIMON, *his Brother.*

CHORUS *of* Iſraelitiſh *Men and Women.*

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

PART I.

Chorus of *Iſraelites*, Men and Women, lamenting the Death of *Mattathias*, Father of *Judas Macchabæus*.

MOURN ye afflicted Children, the Remains
Of captive Judah, *mourn in ſolemn Strains;*
Your ſanguine Hopes of Liberty give o'er;
Your Father, Friend, and Hero is no more.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

Well, Brethren, may your Sorrows flow
In all th' expreſſive Signs of Woe;
Your ſofter Garments tear,
And ſqualid Sackcloth wear;
Your drooping Heads with Aſhes ſtrew,
And with the flowing Tear your Cheeks bedew.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

Daughters, let your diſtreſsful Cries,
And loud Lament aſcend the Skies;

Your

Your tender Boſoms beat, and tear
With Hands remorſeleſs your diſhevell'd Hair.
For pale and breathleſs *Mattathias* lies:
Sad Emblem of his Country's Miſeries!

DUET.

From this dread Scene, theſe adverſe Pow'rs,
Ah! whither ſhall we fly?
O Solyma, *thy boaſted Tow'rs*
In ſmoaky Ruins lie.
Ah whither ſhall we fly?

CHORUS.

For Sion *Lamentation make,*
With Words that weep, and Tears that ſpeak.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Not vain is all this Storm of Grief,
To vent our Sorrows gives Relief,
Wretched indeed! But let not *Judah*'s Race
Their Ruin with deſponding Arms embrace.
Diſtractful Doubt and Deſperation,
Ill become the choſen Nation,
Choſen by the great *I AM*,
The Lord of Hoſts, who, ſtill the ſame,
We truſt will give attentive Ear
To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

AIR.

Pious Orgies, pious Airs,
Decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs,
Will to the Lord aſcend, and move
His Pity, and regain his Love.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

O Father, whoſe almighty Pow'r
The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas adore!
The Hearts of Judah, *thy Delight,*
In one defenſive Band unite.
Grant us a Leader bold, and brave,
If not to conquer, born to ſave.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright *Cherubim* between,
His radiant Glory erſt diſplay'd;
To *Iſrael*'s diſtreſsful Pray'r,
He hath vouchſaf'd a gracious Ear,
And points out *Macchabæus* to their Aid.
Judas ſhall ſet the Captive free,
And lead us on to Victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye Brave; a noble Cauſe,
The Cauſe of Heav'n your Zeal demands;
In Defence of your Nation, Religion, and Laws,
The Almighty Jehovah *will ſtrengthen your Hands.*

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright Array,
Judas, *thy Scepter to obey.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

'Tis well, my Friends; with Tranſport I behold
The Spirit of our Fathers, fam'd of old,

For

For their Exploits in War.---Oh may *their* Fire
With active Courage *you* their Sons inſpire:
As when the mighty *Joſhua* fought,
And thoſe amazing Wonders wrought;
Stood ſtill, obedient to his Voice, the Sun,
'Till Kings he had deſtroy'd, and Kingdoms won.

AIR.

Call forth thy Pow'rs, my Soul, and dare
The Conflict of unequal War:
Great is the Glory of the conquering Sword,
That triumphs in ſweet Liberty reſtor'd.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

To Heav'n's Almighty King we kneel,
For Bleſſings on this exemplary Zeal.
Bleſs him, *Jehovah*, bleſs him, and once more
To thine own *Iſrael* Liberty reſtore.

AIR.

O Liberty, thou choiceſt Treaſure,
Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleaſure;
Life without thee knows no Bleſſing,
No Endearment worth careſſing.

AIR.

Come, ever-ſmiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train;
For thee we pant, and ſigh for thee,
With whom eternal Pleaſures reign.

AIR.

'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
That gives freſh Beauty to the Sun:
That makes all Nature look more gay,
And lovely Life with Pleaſure ſteal away.

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah *diſdains*
The galling Load of hoſtile Chains.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

So will'd my zealous Father, now at reſt,
In the eternal Manſions of the Bleſt;
" Can ye behold, ſaid he, the Miſeries
" In which the long-inſulted *Judah* lies?
" Can ye behold their dire Diſtreſs,
" And not, at leaſt, attempt Redreſs?—
Then faintly, with expiring Breath—
" Reſolve, my Sons, on Liberty, or Death.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

We come; Oh ſee, thy Sons prepare
The rough Habiliments of War;
With Hearts intrepid, and revengeful Hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread Commands.

AIR.

Diſdainful of Danger, we'll ruſh on the Foe,
That thy Pow'r, O Jehovah, *all Nations may know.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Ambition! if e'er Honour was thine Aim,
Challenge it here:---
The glorious Cauſe gives Sanction to thy Claim.

AIR.

No unhallow'd Deſire
Our Breaſts ſhall inſpire;
Nor Luſt of unbounded Pow'r;
But Peace to obtain:
Free Peace let us gain,
And Conqueſt ſhall aſk no more.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

O *Judas*, may theſe juſt Purſuits inſpire
All *Iſrael* with thy true heroic Fire.

RECITATIVE.

Haſte we, my Brethren, haſte we to the Field,
Dependent on the Lord our Strength and Shield.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord, on Thee thy Servants call,
Reſolv'd on Conqueſt, or a glorious Fall.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

PART II.

CHORUS.

FALL'N *is the Foe.---So fall thy Foes, O Lord,*
Where warlike Judas *wields his righteous Sword.*

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

Victorious Hero! Fame ſhall tell
With her laſt Breath, how *Appollonius* fell,
And all *Samaria* fled; by thee purſued,
Through Hills of Carnage, and a Sea of Blood.
While thy reſiſtleſs Proweſs dealt around,
With their own Leader's Sword, the deathful Wound.
Thus too the haughty *Seron*, *Syria*'s Boaſt
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd Hoſt.

AIR.

So rapid thy Courſe is,
Not numberleſs Forces
Withſtand thy all-conqu'ring Sword;
Tho' Nations ſurround thee,
No Pow'r ſhall confound thee,
Till Freedom again be reſtor'd.

Duetto *and* Chorus.

Sion *now her Head ſhall raiſe,*
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

Well may we hope our Freedom to receive,
Such ſweet tranſporting Views thy Actions give.

AIR.

Flowing Joys do now ſurround me,
Riſing pure without Controul;
No Deſpair can ever wound me,
While thy Proweſs warms my Soul.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

O let eternal Honours crown his Name;
Judas! firſt *Worthy* in the Rolls of Fame.
Say "He put on the Breaſt-plate as a Giant,
"And girt his warlike Harneſs about him.
"In his Acts he was like a Lion,
"And like a Lion's Whelp roaring for his Prey*.

AIR.

From mighty Kings he took the Spoil,
And with his Acts made Judah *ſmile;*
Judah *rejoiceth in the Name,*
And triumphs in her Hero's Fame.

CHORUS.

Hail, hail Judea, *happy Land!*
Salvation proſpers in his Hand.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Thanks to my Brethren---But look up to Heav'n;
To Heav'n let Glory, and all Praiſe be giv'n;
To Heav'n give your Applauſe,
Nor add *the ſecond Cauſe,*

* 1 Maccab. iii. 3, &c.

As

As once your Fathers did in *Midian*,
Saying, *The Sword of God and* Gideon.
It is the Lord, who for his *Iſrael* fought,
And this our wonderful Salvation wrought.

AIR.

How vain is Man, who boaſts in Fight,
The Valour of Gigantic Might;
And dreams not that a Hand unſeen
Directs, and guides, this weak Machine!

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Meſſenger.

O *Judas*, O my Brethren!
New Scenes of bloody War
In all their Horrors riſe.
Prepare, prepare,
Or ſoon we fall a Sacrifice
To great *Antiochus*; from th' *Egyptian* Coaſt,
(Where *Ptolemy* hath *Memphis* and *Peluſium* loſt,)
He ſends the valiant *Gorgias*, and commands
His proud victorious Bands
To root out *Iſrael*'s Strength, and to eraſe
Ev'ry Memorial of the *Sacred Place*.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

Ah! wretched, wretched Iſrael; *fall'n how low,*
From joyous Tranſport to deſponding Woe.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Be comforted.---Nor think theſe Plagues are ſent
For your Deſtruction, but for Chaſtiſement.

Heav'n

Heav'n oft' in Mercy puniſheth; that Sin
May feel its own Demerits from within,
And urge not utter Ruin.---Turn to God,
And draw a Bleſſing from his Iron Rod.

AIR.

The Lord worketh Wonders
His Glory to raiſe,
And ſtill as he thunders
Is fearful in Praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

My Arms! Againſt this *Gorgias* will I go---
The *Idumean* Governor ſhall know;
How vain, how ineffective his Deſign,
While Rage *his* Leader, and *Jehovah* mine.

AIR.

Sound an Alarm.---Your ſilver Trumpets ſound,
And call the Brave, and only Brave, around.---
Who liſteth, follow,---To the Field again.---
Juſtice with Courage is a thouſand Men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleaſing dreadful Call:
And follow thee to Conqueſt;---If, to fall;---
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Enough.---To Heav'n we leave the reſt.---
Such gen'rous Ardour firing ev'ry Breaſt,
We may divide our Cares.---The Field be thine,
O *Judas*, and the *Sanctuary* mine.

Lo

Lo *Sion*, holy *Sion*, Seat of God,
In ruinous Heaps is by the Heathen trod;
Such Profanation calls for ſwift Redreſs,
If e'er in Battle *Iſrael* hopes Succeſs.

AIR.

With pious Hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion, *we thy Call attend:*
Nor dread the Nations that defy us,
God our Defender, God our Friend.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

Ye worſhippers of God!
Down, down with the polluted Altars, down;
Hurl *Jupiter Olympius* from his Throne,
Nor rev'rence *Bacchus* with his Ivy Crown,
And Ivy-wreathed Rod.
Our Fathers never knew
Him, or his beaſtly Crew,
Or knowing, ſcorn'd ſuch idle Vanities.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

No more in *Sion* let the Virgin Throng,
Wild with Deluſion pay their nightly Song
To *Aſhtoreth*, yclep'd the *Queen of Heav'n:*
Hence, to *Phœnicia* be the Goddeſs driv'n;
Or be ſhe with her Prieſts, and Pageants, hurl'd
To the remoteſt Corner of the World;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious Lies.

AIR.

Wiſe Men, flatt'ring may deceive us
With their vain myſterious Art;
Magic Charms can ne'er relieve us,
Nor can heal the wounded Heart.

But true Wiſdom can relieve us,
Godlike Wiſdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive us,
This alone all Pains remove.

DUET.

O never, never bow we down,
To the rude Stock, or ſculptur'd Stone:
But ever worſhip Iſr'el's *God,*
Ever obedient to his Nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude Stock or ſculptur'd Stone.—
We worſhip God, and God alone.

PART III.

Iſraelitiſh *Prieſt.* [Having recovered the Sanctuary, &c.

AIR.

FATHER of Heav'n, from thy eternal Throne,
Look with an Eye of Bleſſing down;
While we prepare with holy Rites,
To ſolemnize the Feaſts of Lights.
And thus our grateful Hearts employ;
And in thy Praiſe,
This Altar raiſe,
With Carols of triumphant Joy.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

See, ſee yon Flames that from the Altar broke,
In ſpiry Streams purſue the trailing Smoke?
The fragrant Incenſe mounts the yielding Air;
Sure Preſage that the Lord hath heard our Pray'r.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long Woes may ceaſe,
And *Judah*'s Daughters taſte the Calm of Peace;
Sons, Brothers, Huſbands to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at Home, or havock'd in the War.

AIR.

So ſhall the Lute and Harp awake,
And ſprightly Voice ſweet Deſcant run;
Seraphic Melody to make,
In the pure Strains of Jeſſe's *Son.*

Iſraelitiſh Meſſenger.

From *Capharſalama*, on Eagle Wings I fly,
With Tidings of impetuous Joy.---
Came *Lyſias*, with his Hoſt, array'd
In Coat of Mail; their maſſy Shields
Of Gold, and Braſs, flaſh'd Lightning through the Fields.
While the huge Tow'r-back'd Elephants diſplay'd
A horrid Front; but *Judas*, undiſmay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquiſh'd all the rageful Train.

RECITATIVE.

Yet more; *Nicanor* is with Thouſands ſlain;
The blaſphemous *Nicanor*, who defy'd
The living God, and in his wanton Pride,
A Monument ordain'd
Of Victories yet ungain'd.
But lo! the Conqueror comes, and on his Spear
To diſſipate all Fear,
He bears the Vaunter's Head, and Hand,
That threaten'd Deſolation to the Land.

Chorus *of* Youths.

" *See, the conqu'ring Hero comes,*
Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drums:
Sports prepare, the Laurel bring,
Songs of Triumph to him ſing.

Chorus *of* Virgins.

" *See the Godlike Youth advance,*
Breathe the Flutes, and lead the Dance:
Myrtle Wreaths, and Roſes twine,
To deck the Hero's Brows divine.

The MARCH.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high Affections raiſe,
To crown this Conqueſt with unmeaſur'd Praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Sweet flow the Strains, that ſtrike my feaſted Ear.---
Angels might ſtoop from Heav'n, to hear
The comely Songs ye ſing,
To *Iſrael's* Lord and King.---
But pauſe awhile---due Obſequies prepare,
To thoſe who bravely fell in War.---
To *Eleazar* ſpecial Tribute pay.---
Through ſlaughter'd Troops he cut his Way
To the diſtinguiſh'd Elephant, and, whelm'd beneath
The deep-ſtabb'd Monſter, triumph'd in a glorious Death.

AIR.

With Honour let Deſert be crown'd;
The Trumpet ne'er in vain ſhall ſound;
But all attentive to Alarms,
The willing Nations fly to Arms:
And conquering, or conquer'd, claim the Prize,
Of happy Earth, or far more happy Skies.

Eupolemus. [The Jewiſh Embaſſador to *Rome.*]

Peace to my Countrymen;---Peace and Liberty.---
From the great Senate of Imperial *Rome,*
With a firm League of Amity, I come.
Rome, whate'er Nation dare inſult us more,
Will rouze, in our Defence, her Veteran Pow'r;
And ſtretch her vengeful arm, by Land, or Sea,
" To curb the Proud, and ſet the Injur'd free.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n,
That grateful Hearts can ſend from Earth to Heav'n.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

Again to Earth let Gratitude deſcend.---
Praiſe-worthy is our Hero, and our Friend.---
Come, my fair Daughters, choiceſt Art beſtow,
To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow;
And in your Songs for ever be confeſs'd,
" The Valour that preſerv'd, the Pow'r that bleſs'd,
Bleſs'd you with Hours, that ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundleſs Joy.

AIR.

O lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
Come, ſpread thy Bleſſings all around;
Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
And Vallies ſmile with wavy Corn:
Let the ſhrill Trumpet ceaſe, nor other Sound,
But Nature's Songſters, wake the chearful Morn.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

Simon.

Rejoice, O Judah, *and in Songs divine,*
With Cherubin *and* Seraphin *harmonious join.* Hallelujah, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 APR 86

FINIS.